





J O H N S O N's
 LOTTERY SONG BOOK:

O R,

VOCAL ADVENTURER.

CONTAINING

A CHOICE COLLECTION

OF THE MOST ADMIR'D

LOVE, HUNTING, AND BACCHANALIAN

S O N G S,

That are sung in the Most POLITE CIRCLES.

WITH A NUMBER OF

NEW, SPIRITED, AND GENTEEL

TOASTS, SENTIMENTS, AND HOB-NOBS.

L O N D O N :

Printed for E. JOHNSON and Co. at their Old Licensed
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I N D E X.

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A
COLLECTION
OF
CHOICE AND FAVOURITE
SONGS, AIRS, &c.

THE busy crew their sails unbending,
The ship in harbour safe arriv'd;
Jack Oakum all his perils ending,
Had made the port where Kitty liv'd.
His rigging no one dare attack it,
Tight fore and aft, above, below;
Long quarter'd shoes, check shirt, blue jacket,
With trowsers like the driven snow.

A

His

His honest heart with pleasure glowing,
 He flew like lightning to the side;
 Scarce had he been a boat's length rowing,
 Before his Kitty he espy'd.

A flowing pennant gayly flutter'd
 From her neat made hat of straw,
 Red was her cheeks when first she utter'd,
 It was her sailor that she saw.

And now the gazing crew surround her,
 While secure from all alarms;
 Swift as a ball from a nine-pounder,
 They dart into each other's arms.

The busy crew their sails unbending,
 The ship in harbour safe arriv'd;
 Jack Oakum all his perils ending,
 He made the port where Kitty liv'd.

SOUND the fife, beat the drum, to my standard repair
 All ye lads who will conquer or die,
 At request of my sex as a captain I come,
 The men's courage and valour to try;

'Tis your king and your country now calls for your
 aid,

'Tis the ladies command you to go,
 By me they announce it, and he who's afraid,
 Or refuses, our vengeance shall know.

Then first to the single these things I declare,
 So each maiden most firmly decrees,
 Not a kiss will be granted by black, brown, or fair,
 Not an ogle, a sigh, or a squeeze.

To the married, if they but look glum or say no,
 Should the monsieurs dare bluster or huff,
 We've determin'd, nem. con. that their foreheads shall
 show,

A word to the wife is enough.

These

These punishments we've in terrorem proclaim'd,
 But still should you valour but lack;
 As our dernier resort this resolve shall be nam'd,
 Which, egad, will soon make you all pack.

We'll the breeches assume, 'pon my honour 'tis true,
 So determine maids, widows, and wives,
 First we'll march, beat the French, then march back
 and beat you,
 Aye, and wear 'em the rest of our lives.

MY lodging is on the cold ground,
 And very hard is my fare,
 But that which grieves me more, love,
 Is the coldness of my dear.
 Yet still he cry'd, turn, love,
 I pray thee, love, turn to me,
 For thou art the only girl, love,
 That is ador'd by me.

With a garland of straw I will crown thee, love,
 I'll marry you with a rush ring;
 Thy frozen heart shall melt with love,
 So merrily I shall sing.
 Yet still, &c.

But if you will harden your heart, love,
 And be deaf to my pitiful moan:
 Oh! I must endure the smart, love,
 And tumble in straw all alone.
 Yet still, &c.

SHEPHERDS, I have lost my love,
 Have you seen my Anna,
 Pride of ev'ry shady grove
 Upon the banks of Banna?

A 2

I for

I for her my home forsook,
 Near yon misty mountain,
 Left my flock, my pipe, my crook,
 Greenwood shade, and fountain.
 Never shall I see them more,
 Until her returning ;
 All the joys of life are o'er,
 From gladness chang'd to mourning.
 Whither is my charmer flown ?
 Shepherds, tell me whither :
 Ah, woe for me, perhaps she's gone
 For ever and for ever.

WHILE I'm at the tavern quaffing,
 Well dispos'd for t'other quart ;
 Come's my wife to spoil my laughing,
 Telling me 'tis time to part ;
 Words I knew were unavailing,
 Yet I sternly answered, no ;
 'Till from motives more prevailing,
 Sitting down she treads my toe.
 Such kind tokens, to my thinking,
 Most emphatically prove,
 That the joys which flow from drinking,
 Are averſe to thoſe of love :
 Farewell, friends, and t'other bottle,
 Since I can no longer ſtay,
 Love, more learn'd than Aristotle,
 Has to move me found the way.

SAYS Colin to me, I've a thought in my head,
 I know a young damſel I'm dying to wed :
 So pleaſe you, quoth I, and whene'er it is done,
 You'll quarrel and you'll part again as ſure as a gun.
 And

And so when you're married (poor amorous wight!)
 You'll bill it and coo it from morning till night;
 But trust me, good Colin, you'll find it bad fun,
 Instead of which you'll fight and scratch---as sure as
 a gun.

But shou'd she prove fond of her own dearest love,
 And you be as supple and soft as her glove;
 Yet be she a saint, and as chaste as a nun,
 You're fasten'd to her apron-strings---as sure as a gun.

Suppose it was you then, said he with a leer,
 You wou'd not serve me so, I'm certain, my dear:
 In troth I replied, I will answer for none,
 But do as other women do---as sure as a gun.

NOW come, ye jolly lads, be gay,

And let us sing and dance,
 For this is Phelim's wedding-day;
 Behold the youth advance,

And sweet and lovely by his side
 The charming Peggy view,
 That each might wish for such a bride,
 So innocent and true.

The pipe and tabor sweetly sounds
 To please the festive throng;
 The merry bells the wedding crowns,
 As thus they pass along.

There's Donnelly and blithsome Patt,
 And Mordock Fagan too;
 With fiddling Phil, and skipping Matt,
 The wedding to pursue.

As for the feast, they now prepare,
 And plenty there behold;

Potatoes dress'd so rich and rare,
 With salt fish, we are told;

And whisky was in noggins brought,
 Which oft they put about;

Each rose and danc'd as quick as thought,
 And tripp'd it in and out.

While thus they sing, and thus they dance,
 In mirth and sweet delight ;
 The nimble hours as swift advance,
 And day must yield to night.
 Yet still the music sweetly plays
 The moments to prolong ;
 And Matt and Patt, by various ways,
 Divert the happy throng.
 Thus all was mirth and all was glee,
 And happy all and gay ;
 Then come and join the song with me,
 On Phelim's wedding-day.

BLOW high, blow low, let tempests tear
 The main-mast by the board,
 My heart with thoughts of thee, my dear,
 And love well stor'd,
 Shall brave all danger, scorn all fear,
 The roaring winds, the raging sea,
 In hopes on shore to be once more
 Safe moor'd with thee.
 Aloft while mountains high we go,
 The whistling winds that scud along,
 And the surge roaring from below,
 Shall my signal be
 To think on thee,
 And this shall be my song.
 And on that night when all the crew
 The mem'ry of their former lives
 O'er flowing cans of flip renew,
 And drink their sweethearts and their wives,
 I'll heave a sigh, and think on thee,
 And as the ship rolls thro' the sea,
 The burthen of my song shall be,
 Blow high, blow low, &c.

THE fields were green, the hills were gay,
 And birds were singing on each spray,
 Young Colin met me in a grove,
 And told me tender tales of love.
 Was e'er a swain so blithe as he,
 So kind, so faithful, and so free.

In spite of all my friends could say,
 Young Colin stole my heart away.

And when he trips the meadow along,
 He sweetly joins the woodlark's song ;
 And when he dances on the green,
 There's none so blithe as Colin seen ;
 For when he's by I nothing fear,
 For I alone am all his care.

In spite of all, &c.

My mother chides me that I roam,
 And seems surpriz'd I quit my home :
 She would not wonder why I rove,
 Did she but know how much I love :
 Full well I know the generous swain,
 He ne'er will give my bosom pain.

In spite of all, &c.

WHEN trees did bud and fields were green,
 And broom bloom'd fair to see,
 When Mary was complete fifteen,
 And love laugh'd in her een ;
 Blithe Davy's blinks her heart did move
 To speak her mind thus free ;
 Gang down the burn, Davy, love,
 And I will follow thee.

Now Davy did each lad surpass,
 That dwelt on this burn side ;
 And Mary was the bonniest lass,
 Just meet to be a bride.
 Blithe Davy's blinks, &c.

Her

Her cheeks were roses red and white,
 Her een were bonny blue,
 Her looks were like Aurora bright,
 Her lips like dropping dew.
 Blithe Davy's blinks, &c.

As Fate had dealt to him a routh,
 Straight to the kirk he led her,
 There plighted her his faith and truth,
 And a bonny bride he made her.
 No more aham'd to own her love,
 Or speak her mind thus free,
 Gang down the burn, &c.

GLEE, Sung by a Society of Citizens.

THERE are four reasons why we drink,
 All orthodox, we really think ;
 Good wine, our friends, the being dry,
 Or lest we should be by-and-bye,
 Or---any other reason why.

Another by the Same.

COME, let us drink,
 'Tis in vain to think,
 Like fools, on grief or sadnels ;
 Let our money fly,
 And our sorrows die,
 All worldly care is madness.
 More, more campaigns
 On Yankie plains,
 More budgets too will follow :
 So we'll drink while able,
 Nor quit the table,
 'Till twelve at noon to-morrow.

ALL on the pleasant banks of Tweed

Young Jockey won my heart,
None play'd so sweet on oaten reed,
Nor sung with so much art;

His soothing tale did soon prevail,
And made me fondly love him;
But now he flies, nor heeds my cries,
Ah, why did I believe him?

Ah, &c.

When first the youth made his address,

He nought but love did say;
Give me, he cry'd, my heart again,
The heart you've stole away:

Or else incline to give me thine,
And I'll together join them;
My faithful heart could never part,
Ah, why did I believe him?

Ah, &c.

Now, now my slighted face he knows,

His soon forgotten dear,
To a wealthier lass overjoy'd he goes,
To breathe his falsehood there.

Mistaken fair, the youth's a cheat,
Nor for a moment trust him;
For shining gold he's bought and sold,
Ah, why did I believe him?

Ah, &c.

Now, all you maidens, flight the swain,

His flattering story shun,
Or you like me will be betray'd,
Like me you'll be undone.

But peace, my breast, I'll not break my rest,

But try quite to forget him;
I soon may see as good as he,
I wish I ne'er had seen him,

I wish, &c.

B

Sung

Sung by Mr. Edwin, in the Flitch of Bacon.

OH, a gay flashy lord is a woundy fine sight!
Who is ne'er to be seen but with owls in the
night:

Then so slight here behind,
He's blown thro' by the wind:
So cropp'd,
And belopp'd!

Such timber, so limber, from top to the toe,
That he wriggles and nods, as he walks to and fro!

I ne'er see'd but one in the course of my life,
And him I had lick'd, but for Bridget my wife;

I laugh'd at his pride,
And the spit by his side,
Good lack!

His long back,

Like a building so weak is, it hardly can stand,
But would snap short in two like a twig in this hand.

NO nymph that trips the verdant plain
With Sally can compare,

She wins the hearts of all the world,
And rivals all the fair:

The beams of sol delight and cheer,
While summer seasons roll,

But Sally's smiles can all the year
Give summer to the soul,
Give summer, &c.

When from the East the morning ray
Illumes the world below,

Her presence bids the god of day
With emulation glow.

Fresh beauties deck the painted ground,
Birds sweeter notes prepare;

The playful lambkins skip around,
And hail the sister fair,
And hail, &c.

The

The lark but strains his liquid throat
 To bid the maid rejoice,
 And mimicks, while he swells the note,
 The sweetness of her voice :
 The fanning zephyrs round her play,
 While Flora sheds perfume,
 And every flow'ret seems to say,
 I but for Sally bloom,
 I but, &c.

The am'rous youths her charms proclaim,
 From morn to eve their tale,
 Her beauty and unspotted fame,
 Make vacant every vale ;
 The stream meand'ring thro' the mead
 Her eccho'd name conveys ;
 And ev'ry voice, and ev'ry reed,
 Is tun'd to Sally's praise,
 Is tun'd, &c.

No more shall blithsome lads and swain
 To mirthful wake resort ;
 Nor every May-morn on the plain
 Advance in rural sport :
 Nor more shall gush the guggling rill,
 Nor musick wake the grove ;
 Nor flocks look snow-like on the hill,
 When I forget to love,
 When I, &c.

ONE Midsummer morning when nature look'd
 gay,
 The birds full of song, and the flocks full of play ;
 When earth seem'd to answer the smiles from above,
 And all things proclaim'd it the season of love,
 My mother cry'd, Nancy, come haste to the mill ;
 If the corn be not ground, you may scold if you will.

The freedom to use my tongue pleas'd me no doubt,
 A woman, alas! would be nothing without;
 I went tow'rd the mill without any delay,
 And conn'd o'er the words I determin'd to say;
 But when I came near it, I found it stock still,
 Bless my stars, now I cry'd, huff him rarely I will.

The miller to market that instant was gone,
 The work it was left to the care of his son;
 Now tho' I can scold well as any one can,
 I thought 'twould be wrong to scold the young man,
 I said I am surpriz'd you can use me so ill,
 I must have my corn ground, I must and I will.

Sweet maid, cry'd the youth, the fault is not mine,
 No corn in the town I'd grind sooner than thine;
 There's no one more ready in pleasing the fair,
 The mill shall go merrily round I declare:
 But hark how the birds sing, and see how they bill,
 Know I must have a kiss first, I must and I will.

My corn being done, I tow'rd home bent my way,
 He whisper'd he'd something of moment to say,
 Insisted to hand me along the green mead,
 And there swore he lov'd me indeed and indeed;
 And that he'd be constant and true to me still,
 And since that time I've lik'd him, and like him I will.

I often say, mother, the miller I'll huff,
 She laughs and cries, go girl, aye plague him enough;
 And scarce a day passes, but by her desire,
 I gain a sly kiss from the youth I admire.
 If wedlock he wishes, his wish I'll fulfil,
 And I'll answer, O yes, with a hearty good will.

MY fond shepherds of late were so blest,
 Their fair nymphs were so happy and gay,
 That each night they went safely to rest,
 And they merrily sang through the day.

Ent,

But, ah! what a scene must appear,
 Must the sweet rural pastimes be o'er,
 Shall the tabor, the tabor, no more strike the ear,
 Shall the dance on the green be no more?
 Will the flocks on the pastures be led,
 Must the herds go wild straying abroad,
 Shall the looms be all stopt in each shed,
 And the ships be all moor'd in each road?
 Must the arts be all scatter'd around,
 And shall commerce grow sick of her tide,
 Must religion, religion, expire on the ground,
 And shall virtue sink down by her side?

WHEN blushes dy'd the cheeks of morn,
 And dew-drops glisten'd on the thorn;
 When sky-larks tun'd their carrols sweet,
 To hail the god of light and heat,
 Philander from his downy bed
 To fair Lisetta's chamber sped,
 Crying, awake, sweet love of mine,
 I'm come to be thy Valentine.

Awake, awake, &c.

Soft love that balmy sleep denies,
 Had long unveil'd her brilliant eyes,
 Which, that a kiss she might obtain,
 She artfully had clos'd again.
 He sunk, thus caught in beauty's trap,
 Like Phœbus into Thetis' lap,
 And near forgot that his design
 Was but to be her Valentine.

She starting cry'd, I am undone,
 Philander, charming youth, be gone,
 For this time to your vows sincere,
 Make virtue not your love appear.
 No sleep has clos'd these watchful eyes,
 Forgive the simple fond disguise;
 To gen'rous thoughts your heart incline,
 And be my faithful Valentine.

The

The brutal passion sudden fled,
 Fair honour govern'd in his stead,
 And both agreed e'er set of sun
 To join two virtuous hearts in one:
 Their beauteous offspring soon did prove
 The sweet effects of mutual love:
 And from that hour to life's decline,
 She blest the day of Valentine.

YOUNG Daphne made Damon a dupe to her pride,
 He'd sigh and he'd storm, he'd foon and he'd
 chide:

I wonder the fair ones so cruel can be,
 Had I been a damsel, I'm sure he'd won me:
 But all her return to his am'rous chat,
 Was, yes to be sure, O I love you for that,
 Was yes, &c.

He told her, her eyes shone more bright than the day,
 And such soft things as all kind lovers say;
 That passion despis'd wou'd to age turn his youth,
 And that he should die, which was certainly truth:
 Yet tho' he still put in his pleadings so pat,
 'Twas, yes to be sure, O I love you for that,
 'Twas, &c.

Now finding his courtship was on a weak plan,
 He threw off the lover, and put on the man;
 And while they both shelter'd one noon in the bow'r,
 Swore boldly, by Jove, he'd be happy that hour:
 She frown'd, and strait flying the place where they sat,
 Cry'd, yes to be sure, O I love you for that.
 Cry'd, &c.

But Damon soon clasp'd the nymph fast in his arms,
 And swore that his flame shou'd be crown'd with her
 charms;
 That joy to wound virtue his heart was above.
 How good we all grow when we're hamper'd in love:
 He

He forc'd her to church, gave her tit for her tat,
And now there's no doubt but she loves him for that,
And, &c.

AS Roger the plowman, a lusty young swain,
Was whistling and trudging it over the plain,
He met black-ey'd Susan, whose dull maidenhead
Long tir'd her more than the pail on her head.

Dearest Susan, said he, well meet in good time,
I've a favour to ask, if it is not a crime;
Will you go, pretty maiden, with me to the fair,
And I'll give you a fairing to stick in your hair.

The damsel reply'd, as she struggled to go,
I ne'er grant men favours, I'd have you to know;
To teize me and follow now no longer dare,
I want none of your fairings to stick in my hair.

But Roger with kisses so well play'd his part,
He soon found the method to soften her heart;
Grown kinder she blush'd, and cry'd, last night I swear,
I dreamt of a fairing to stick in my hair.

The lovers walk'd on till they came to a grove,
Where no one could see but the arch god of love;
He laid her down gently, she was not aware,
Of the fairing he gave her that stuck in her hair.

Ye lasses of Britain that sigh and look wan,
And pine all your lifetime in secret for man;
While frolick and free and good-natur'd you are,
You need never want fairings to stick in your hair.

DEAR Chloe, come give me sweet kisses,
For sweeter no girl ever gave;
But why in the midst of my blisses,
Do you ask me how many I'd have?

I am

I am not to be stinted in pleasure,
 Then prithee, dear Chloe, be kind;
 For since I love thee beyond measure,
 To numbers I'll ne'er be confin'd.
 Count the bees that on Hybla are playing,
 Count the flowers that enamel the fields;
 Count the flocks that on Tempe are straying,
 Or the grain that rich Sicily yields:
 Count how many stars are in heaven,
 Go number the sands on the shore;
 And when so many kisses you've given,
 I still shall be asking for more.
 To a heart full of love let me hold thee,
 A heart which, dear Chloe, is thine;
 In my arms I'd for ever enfold thee,
 And twist round thy neck like a vine:
 What joy can be greater than this is!
 My life on thy lips shall be spent;
 But the wretch who can number his kisses,
 Will always with few be content.

AS the other day milking I sat in the vale,
 Young Damon he came to address his soft tale,
 So sudden, I started and gave him a frown,
 For he frighted my cow, and my milk was kick'd down.
 Lord bless me, said I, what a deuce can you mean,
 To come thus upon one unthought of, unseen?
 I ne'er will approve of the love you pretend,
 For as mischief begins, perhaps mischief may end.
 I little thought now he'd his passion advance,
 But pretty excuses made up the mischance;
 He begg'd a kind kiss, which I gave him I vow,
 And I laid my ownself the whole fault on the cow.
 How many ways love can the bosom invade,
 His art prov'd too strong, alas, for a maid!
 He hinted that wedlock was what he'd be at,
 But I thought it was best to say nothing to that.

I flutter all over whene'er he comes nigh;
 For if he should press I shall surely comply;
 And ne'er shall be angry, my heart itself tells,
 Tho' he flings down my milk, or does any thing else.

AS bringing home, the other day,
 Two linnets I had ta'en,
 The pretty warblers seem'd to pray
 For liberty again.
 Unheedful of their plaintive notes,
 I sprang across the mead;
 In vain they tun'd their downy throats,
 And flutter'd to be freed.
 As passing thro' the tufted grove,
 Near which my cottage stood,
 I thought I saw the queen of love,
 When Clora's charms I view'd:
 I gaz'd, I lov'd, I press'd her stay
 To hear my tender tale;
 But all in vain, she fled away,
 Nor could my sighs prevail.
 Soon thro' the wound which love had made
 Came pity to my breast,
 And thus I, as compassion bade,
 The feather'd pair address'd:
 Ye little warblers, cheerful be,
 Remember not ye flew,
 For I, who thought myself so free,
 Am far more caught than you.

FAIR Hebe I left, with a cautious design
 To escape from her charms and to drown them
 in wine;
 I try'd it; but found, when I came to depart,
 The wine in my head, but love still in my heart.
 I repair'd to my reason, intreated her aid,
 Who paus'd on my case, and each circumstance weigh'd.

C

Then

Then gravely pronounc'd, in return to my pray'r,
That Hebe was fairest of all that was fair.

That's a truth, reply'd I, I've no need to be taught,
I came for a counsel to find out a fault.

If that's all, quoth Reason, return as you came,
To find fault with Hebe would forfeit my name.

What hope then, alas! of relief from my pain,
When like lightning she darts thro' each throbbing
vein;

My senses surpriz'd, in her favour took arms,
And Reason confirms me a slave to her charms.

SINCE artists who sue for the trophies of fame,
Their wit, and their taste, and their genius proclaim,
Attend to my song, where you'll certainly find
A secret disclos'd for the good of mankind:
Deny it who can---sure the laurel's my due;
I've found out a padlock to keep a wife true.

Should the amorous goddess preside o'er your dame,
And the ardour of love all her senses enflame;
Should her beauties lead captive each softer desire,
And languishing lovers still love and admire,
Yet fearless you'll trust her, tho' thousands may sue,
When I tell you my padlock to keep a wife true.

The husband may think that he wisely restrains
With his bars and his bolts, his confinement and
chains;

How fatally weak must this artifice prove;
Can letters of steel bind like letters of love?
Throw jealousy hence, bid suspicion adieu,
Restraint's not the padlock to keep a wife true.

If her fancy invites to park, ball, or play,
Compliant and kind you must give her her way:
For while you thus wisely her judgment approve,
'Tis reason secures you the treasures of love;
And believe me, no coxcomb admission shall find,
For the fair one is safe, if you padlock her mind.

Tho' her virtues and foibles frequently blend,
Let the husband be lost in the lover and friend:

No doubtful surmise shall your bosom perplex,
 'Tis the charm of indulgence that binds the soft sex:
 They ne'er can prove false with this maxim in view,
 Good humour's the padlock to keep a wife true.

THE murm'ring brooks, the fanning breeze,
 Gay myrtles, flow'ry banks and trees,
 To doat on some incline;
 But nobler blessings I advise,
 The greatest joys above the skies,
 Are women, love, and wine.

From scene to scene while thousands rove,
 Unless to women, wine, and love,
 In secret let them pine;
 While I the world with pleasure tell,
 We all may ev'ry care dispel
 With women, love, and wine.

The restless wretch who doats on gold,
 And would in flames the world behold,
 Pay homage to the shrine;
 Shall gen'rous grow, his self despise,
 Be happy, joyous, honest, wise,
 By women, love, and wine.

May youth and age, of all degrees,
 On such inspiring comforts seize,
 'Twill ev'ry sense refine;
 To see mankind so nobly blest,
 Superior powers shall wish to taste
 Of women, love, and wine.

Ye sons of joy, for true delight
 Dear women, love, and wine unite,
 This great resolve is mine:
 Forgetting ev'ry care that's past,
 My joy shall flow, while life doth last,
 From women, love, and wine.

WHEN the trees are all bare, not a leaf to be seen,
 And the meadows their beauty have lost,
 When nature's disrob'd of her mantle of green,
 And the streams are fast bound with the frost.
 While the peasant, inactive, stands shiv'ring with cold,
 As bleak as the winds northerly blow;
 And the innocent flock run for ease to the fold,
 With their fleeces all cover'd with snow.
 In the yard when the cattle are fodder'd with straw,
 And they send forth their breath like a stream;
 And the neat looking dairy-maid sees the must thaw
 Flakes of ice that she finds in the cream.
 When the sweet country maiden, as fresh as the rose,
 As she carelessly trips often slides,
 And the rustics loud laugh, if by falling she throws
 All the charms that her modesty hides.
 When the lads and the lasses, for company join'd,
 In a crowd round the embers are met,
 Talk of fairies and witches that ride on the wind,
 And of ghosts, till they're all in a sweat.
 Heav'n grant in this season it may be my lot,
 With the nymph that I love and admire,
 While the icicles hang from the eves of my cot,
 I may thither in safety retire;
 Where in neatness and quiet, and free from surprize,
 We may live, and no hardships endure,
 Nor feel any turbulent passions arise,
 But such as each other may cure.

WHEN first I saw Celia I pray'd for a kiss,
 She frown'd, and cry'd, prithee, swain, don't;
 I always think freedoms so close are amiss,
 And take my word for it I won't.
 Too close! reply'd I, can a lover too close
 Approach to the charmer he loves;
 He can't; ev'ry shepherd that's happy well knows,
 And this no kind damsel disproves.

Sly Cupid now whisper'd, why beg for a kiss,

Consider your manhood's at stake ;

Each beauty despises a question like this,

'Tis yours not to ask, but to take.

A lover with boldness the fair should attack ;

'Tis conduct in them to be shy ;

And once their sweet lips if you'd heartily smack,

They'll never once after deny.

Encourag'd by this, I determin'd to press

The prettiest of nymphs ever known ;

My heart beat with transport to such an excess,

That her bosom grew warm as my own.

A decent assurance, where love is sincere,

In courtship shews prudence and skill,

And now when I smiling cry, Kiss me, my dear,

'Tis chang'd from I won't to I will.

WHILE on thy dear bosom lying,
Celia, who can speak my bliss,

Who the rapture I'm enjoying,

When thy balmy lips I kiss ?

Every look with love inspires me,

Every touch my bosom warms,

Every melting transport fires me,

Every joy is in thy arms.

Those dear eyes how soft they languish,

Feel my heart with rapture beat ;

Pleasures turn almost to anguish,

When the transport is so great.

Look not so divinely on me,

Celia, I shall die with bliss ;

Yet, yet, turn those eyes upon me,

Who'd not die a death like this ?

A Beau-

A Beautiful face, and a form without fault,
 Are not the attractions by which I am caught ;
 Good-nature, good sense, and an honest free mind,
 Are perfections in woman to which I'm inclin'd,
 With beauty alone 'tis in vain to engage,
 For passion must cool in the winter of age ;
 'Tis only good-humour, fair friendship, and truth,
 That can charm us in age, as they charm us in youth.
 The lily and rose with attention survey,
 Like beauty their charms are as transient and gay ;
 Ye fair, think of this when by vanity sway'd,
 Tho' you bloom like the rose, like the rose you must
 fade.

Then Venus no more your delusions employ,
 Like a Syren you tempt, like a Syren destroy ;
 By reason I'm taught, that in chusing a wife,
 Those beauties are best which will last her for life.

C RUEL creature, can you leave me,
 Can you thus ungrateful prove ?
 Did you court me to deceive me,
 And to slight my constant love ?
 False ungrateful, thus to woo me,
 Thus to make my heart a prize ;
 First to ruin and undo me,
 Then to scorn and tyrannize.
 Shall I send to Heaven my prayer,
 Shall I all my wrongs relate ;
 Shall I curse the dear betrayer ?
 Now, alas ! it is too late.
 Cupid, pity my condition,
 Pierce this unrelenting swain ;
 Hear a tender maid's petition,
 And restore my love again !

ONE summer's eve, as Nancy fair
 Sat spinning in the shade,
 The soaring lark forsook the air,
 And warbled o'er her head.

In tender cooes the pigeon woo'd,
 Love's impulse all must feel;
 She sung, but yet her work pursu'd,
 And turn'd the spinning wheel.

While thus I work with rock and reel,
 So life by time is spun,
 And as goes round my spinning wheel,
 The world goes up and down :

Some rich to-day, to-morrow low,
 Whilst I no changes feel,
 But get my bread by sweat of brow,
 And turn my spinning wheel.

From me let men and women too
 This home-spun lesson learn,
 Nor mind what other people do,
 But eat the bread they earn.

If none was fed, was that to be,
 But what deserves a meal,
 Some ladies then, as well as me,
 Must turn the spinning wheel.

The thrush but tunes its warbling notes,
 And echoes its tuneful strain,
 When o'er the lawn came leaping Joan,
 And brought home Nancy's swain :

The dame cries, Nancy, here's your spouse,
 Away throw rock and reel;
 Blithe Nancy at that blooming news
 O'erfet her spinning wheel.

I'M in love with twenty, I'm in love with twenty,
 And could adore as many more,
 For nothing's like a plenty ;

Variety is charming, variety is charming,
For constancy is not for me,
So ladies you have warning.

He that has but one love, he that has but one love,
Looks as poor as any boor,
Or like a man with one glove.

Not the fine regalia, not the fine regalia
Of eastern kings that poets sing,
But oh! the fine seraglio.

Girls grow old and ugly, girls grow old and ugly,
And can't inspire the same desire
As when they're young and smugly.

Why has Cupid pinions, why has Cupid pinions?
If not to fly thro' all the sky,
And see his fav'rite minions.

Love was born of beauty, love was born of beauty,
And when she goes, the urchin knows
To follow is his duty.

LOvely nymph, assuage my anguish,
At your feet a tender swain
Prays you would not let him languish,
One kind look would ease his pain.
Lovely nymph, &c.

Did you know the lad that courts you,
He need not long sue in vain;
Prince of song, of dance, of sport,
You scarce will meet his like again.
Did you know, &c.

WHEN the trees are in bloom, and their beauties
are seen,
And the gardens look lovely and gay;
When nature is clad in its mantle of green,
And the birds chant their innocent lay;

When the shepherd retires from Phoebus's beams
 To the shade of the wide spreading oak,
 To cool his perch'd throat by a murmuring stream,
 Whilst th' oxen gently low in their yoke.

When wanton the cattle bound over the lawn,
 And luxuriously roll on the grass;
 When the linen, as white as the plumes of a swan,
 Is hung on the hedge by the lass.

When the sweet country virgin, as blithe as the morn,
 With the milk-pail on her head climbs the stile;
 And the farmer with pleasure surveys his green corn,
 While the promising crop makes him smile.

When the lads and the lasses are met on the green,
 With Colin the piper their guide;
 When young Daphne of May is elected their queen,
 And her favourite swain by her side:

When Colin in dancing exerts his best skill,
 'Tis rosy-cheek'd Phoebe to please;
 Clumsy Ralph foots it up to his maid of the mill,
 While the crowd on his awkwardness gaze.

All hail, happy season, thou weather of love,
 Thou piece of content and delight;
 Thou best comfort of day, the best gift from above,
 Thou kindest indulger of life!

Heav'n grant that the season productive may prove,
 The hopes of my wishes to gain;
 And inspire the heart of my charmer with love!
 Let all lovers now chorus Amen.

DO you hear, brother sportsman, the sound of the
 horn,

And yet the sweet pleasures decline?
 For shame rouse your senses, and ere it is morn,
 With me the sweet melody join.

O'er hills and o'er valleys
 See the traitor he rallies,

D

Don't

Don't quit him till panting he lies;
 See hounds in full cry,
 O'er hedges all fly,
 Chasing the swift hare till she dies.
 Then saddle your steeds, to the meadows and fields
 All willing, all joyous repair;
 No pleasure in life greater happiness yields
 Than chasing the fox or the hare.
 For such comfort, my friends,
 On the sportsman attends,
 No pleasure like hunting is found;
 For when the day's o'er,
 All brisk as before,
 Next morning we spurn up the ground.

FREE from noise, free from strife,
 In a sweet country life,
 I could chuse for to spend all my days;
 Where innocence reigns,
 Flocks over the plains,
 And birds sweetly echo the lay.
 So contented they live,
 What joys they receive,
 Tho' nothing but ground for their floor
 Just before the sweet cot,
 So delightful the spot,
 Where a jessamin grows by the door.
 Early they rise,
 Transported with joys,
 So contented their days pass along;
 And if justly combin'd,
 With a true-hearted mind,
 To a wife whom all virtues belong.
 Tho' homely their food,
 Their appetites good,
 Blooming health on their cheeks doth appear;
 Neither envy nor pride
 With them can reside,
 But happiness shines thro' the year.

At sun going down,
 Their work being done,
 They're the happiest people on earth;
 By the oak on the green
 Each couple is seen,
 With innocent pastime and mirth.

When harvest is done,
 With a formal old song,
 The jolly farmer among all the rest;
 Who will laugh, drink, and say,
 This is our holiday,
 With beef and good ale of the best.

Let the statesman desire,
 Who at court doth aspire,
 For his country's good let it be;
 Truth, justice, and P--t,
 In this house always sit,
 And times will mend sooner you'll see.

NEAR Totterdown-hill there liv'd an old pair,
 It may be they dwell there still,
 Much riches indeed did not fall to their share;
 They kept a small farm and a mill:
 But fully content with what they did get,
 They knew not of guile or of arts;
 One daughter they had, and her name it was Bet,
 And she was the pride of their hearts.
 Nut-brown were her locks, her shape it was strait,
 Her eyes were as black as a sloe,
 Her teeth were milk-white, full smart was her gait,
 And as sleek was her skin as a doe.
 All thick were the clouds, and the rain it did pour,
 Not a bit of true blue could be spy'd;
 A child wet and cold came and stood at the door,
 Its mam it had lost, and it cry'd.

Young Bet was as kind as the morning in May,
 The babe she hugg'd close to her breast ;
 She chaf'd him all o'er ; he smil'd as he lay ;
 She kiss'd him, and lull'd him to rest.
 But who do you think she had for her prize ?
 Why Love, the sly master of arts ;
 No sooner he wak'd than he dropt his disguise,
 And shew'd her his wings and his darts.

Quoth he, I am Love, but be not afraid,
 Tho' all I make shake at my will,
 So good and so kind you have been, my fair maid,
 No harm you shall find from my skill ;
 My mother ne'er dealt with such kindness to me ;
 A friend you shall find in me still :
 Take my quiver and shoot, and be greater than she,
 The Venus of Totterdown-Hill.

I Winna marry any mon
 But Sandy o'er the lee,
 I winna ha the dominee,
 For guid ~~the~~ canna be ;
 But I will ha my Sandy lad,
 My Sandy o'er the lee ;
 For he's aye a-kissing, kissing,
 Aye a-kissing me.

I will not ha the minister
 For all his godly looks ;
 Nor yet will I the lawyer have,
 For all his willy crooks ;
 I will not ha the plowman lad,
 Nor yet will I the miller,
 But I will ha my Sandy lad
 Without one penny filler.

For he's aye a-kissing, &c.

I will no ha the soldier lad,
 For he gangs to the war ;
 I will not ha the failor lad,
 Because he smells of tar ;
 I will not have the lord nor laird,
 For all their muckle gear,
 But I will ha my Sandy lad,
 My Sandy o'er the meir.

For he's aye a-kissing, &c.

COME, thou rosy, dimpled boy,
 Source of ev'ry heart-felt joy,
 Leave the blissful bowers a while,
 Paphos and the Cyprian isle ;
 Visit Britons rocky shore,
 Britons do thy powers adore,
 Britons, hardy, bold, and free,
 Own thy laws, and yield to thee,
 Source of ev'ry heart-felt joy,
 Come, thou rosy, dimpled boy.

Haste to Sylvia, haste away,
 This is thine and Hymen's day,
 Bid her thy soft bandage wear,
 Bid her for love's rites prepare ;
 Let the nymphs with many a flower
 Deck the sacred nuptial bower,
 Thither lead the lovely fair,
 And let Hymen too be there ;
 This is thine and Hymen's day,
 Haste to Sylvia, haste away.

Only while we love we live,
 Love alone can pleasure give ;
 Pomp and power, and tinsel state,
 Those false pageants of the great,
 Crowns and scepters, env'y'd things,
 And the pride of Eastern kings,

Are

Are but childish, empty toys,
 When compar'd to love's sweet joys.
 Love alone can pleasure give,
 Only while we love we live.

YE sportsmen, draw near, ye sportswomen too,
 Who delight in the joys of the field,
 Mankind, tho' they blame, are all eager as you,
 And no one the contest will yield;
 His lordship, his worship, his honour, his grace,
 A hunting continually go,
 All ranks and degrees are engag'd in the chase,
 With hark, forward, huzza! tally ho!
 The lawyer will rise with the first of the morn,
 To hunt for a mortgage or deed;
 The husband gets up at the sound of the horn,
 And rides to the common full speed;
 The patriot is thrown in pursuit of his game,
 The poet too often lays low,
 Who mounted on Pegasus, rides after fame,
 With hark, forward, huzza! tally ho! &c.

OH! spread thy green mantle, sweet May, o'er the
 ground,
 Drive the blasts of chill winter away;
 Let the birds sweetly carrol, thy flow'rets smile round,
 And let us with all nature be gay.
 Let spleen, spite, and envy, those clouds of the mind,
 Be dispers'd by the sunshine of joy;
 The pleasures of Eden had bless'd human kind,
 Had no fiend enter'd there to destroy.
 As May, with her magic, can warm the cold earth,
 Let each fair with the season improve;
 Be widows restor'd from their mourning to mirth,
 And hard-hearted maids yield to love.

The soldier turn'd shepherd, soft passion shall learn;
 And breathe out his vows in the shade;
 The divine become warlike, in frolic shall turn
 The stiff band to a sprightly cockade.
 Tho' the red coat and black coat this season trans-
 forms,
 And melt marble hearts into sighs;
 Sweet May can do more, for it wakens and warms,
 And gives spirits to beaux and to flies.
 Bring roses and myrtles to crown the gay feast,
 Its joy let each bosom impart;
 When pleasure is giv'n, and left by each guest,
 'Tis the May of the mind and the heart.

BEhold, upon the swelling wave,
 With streaming pendants gay,
 Our gallant ship invites the brave,
 While glory leads the way:
 And a cruizing we will go, and a cruizing we
 will go, and a cruizing we will go, and a
 cruizing we will go.

Ye beauteous maids, your smiles bestow;
 For if you prove unkind,
 How can we hope to beat the foe,
 Who leave our hearts behind.
 When a cruizing, &c.

See KEPPEL's flag once more display'd,
 Upon the deck he stands;
 Old England's glory ne'er can fade,
 Nor tarnish in his hands.
 So a cruizing, &c.

Be England to herself but true,
 To France defiance's hurl'd;
 Give peace, America, with you,
 And war with all the world.
 Then a cruizing, &c.

UPON

UPON an old mare well laden with eggs
 Fair Alice to market was riding,
 When Roger jogg'd by on two as good legs,
 As a man or a lass might confide in.
 The weather was warm, and the fair in high bloom,
 Such as health crown'd with beauty discovers,
 The trees over-arch'd gave a fanciful gloom,
 Not a soul in the road but our lovers.
 The roguish god Cupid gave Roger a hint;
 Of his passion he begg'd to remind her;
 He urg'd and he pleaded---at length thro' mere dint
 Of persuasion, she took him behind her:
 He implor'd a salute; 'twas refus'd out of form;
 But young Roger, with high indignation,
 Determin'd her lips that same moment to storm,
 No delay for a capitulation.
 By youth, love, and fortune encourag'd, the swain
 Too strong for poor Alice was proving;
 But the mare gave no time for the maid to complain,
 Her fall interrupted their loving.
 Thus Hodge lost his kiss, the mare spoil'd her knees,
 And the eggs were to Al'ce a sad token,
 That by him that's most likely our fancies to please,
 Our peace is too frequently broken.

MY dearest life, wer't thou my wife,
 How happy would I be?
 And all my care, in peace or war,
 Should be to pleasure thee:
 Whilst up and down, from town to town,
 We jolly soldiers rove,
 Then you, my queen, in chaise marine,
 Shall taste the sweets of love.
 Your love I prize beyond the skies,
 Beyond the spoils of war;
 Then oh! agree to follow me
 In humble baggage-car.

For happiness, tho' in distress,
 In soldiers lives are seen;
 For pride in coach has more reproach
 Than love in chaise-marine.

O do not hold your love for gold,
 Nor set your heart on gain;
 Behold the great, with all their state,
 Their lives are care and pain:
 In house or tent we pay no rent,
 Nor care nor trouble see;
 And every day we get our pay,
 We spend it merrily.

If sighs or groans, or tender moans,
 Can't move your harden'd heart;
 Let love in arms, with all its charms,
 Then take a soldier's part:
 With fife and drum we soldiers come,
 And all the pomp of war;
 Then don't think mean of a chaise-marine,
 'Tis love's triumphal car.

'TWAS in a village near Castlebury
 A cobbler and his wife did dwell,
 And for a time no two so merry,
 Their happiness no tongue can tell.
 Their happiness, &c.

But mortal joys, alas, are fleeting,
 And little things oft cause much strife,
 For going to a merry meeting,
 The man got drunk and beat his wife.

But tho' he us'd her so unruly,
 Then what did this good creature do?
 Now mark my song, I'll tell you truly,
 For other things she had in view.

E

A jolly

A jolly landlord and his tapster,
 Full oft had view'd her comely charms,
 And with her beauties so enrapt, fir,
 They each one wish'd her in his arms.

Then she to wound her unkind deary,
 To each her favours seem'd to give;
 And all the folks of Castlebury
 Soon saw how jealous they did live.

Now topsy-turvy, noise and riot,
 And all their furniture was sold;
 Nothing could make her Dicky quiet,
 Until his wife did thus unfold:

Dick, I so archly have contrived,
 Both with the man and master too;
 Each of a purse of gold deprived,
 Which now, my dear, I bring to you.

Now Dicky's heart it soon relented,
 And love did in his bosom burn;
 His former usage he repented,
 So to his dame made this return.

No more, my dear, will I be jealous,
 But ever be both kind and true;
 I'll laugh at love pretending fellows,
 And will rejoice with only you.

Now Dick he whistles in his stall, fir,
 Thumps the hammer, minds his end;
 And uses both his peg and awl, fir,
 Pray what can mortal more pretend?

BELIEVE my sighs, my tears, my dear,
 Believe the heart you've won,
 Believe my vows to you sincere,
 Or Peggy I'm undone:
 You say I'm fickle, apt to change
 To every face that's new,

But of all the girls I ever saw,
 I ne'er lov'd one like you.
 I ne'er, &c.

My heart was once a flake of ice,
 'Till warm'd by your bright eyes,
 And then it melted in a trice,
 A flame that never dies :
 Then take and try me, you shall find
 A heart that's just and true ;
 Of all the girls that e'er I saw,
 I ne'er lov'd one like you.

Then come, my charmer, let's away
 To church and end the strife,
 How blest will be each night and day,
 When Peggy is my wife !
 My vows to you shall prove sincere,
 For I'll be just and true ;
 Of all the girls I ever saw,
 I ne'er lov'd one like you.
 I ne'er, &c.

AS now my bloom comes on apace,
 The swains begin to teaze me,
 But two who claim the foremost place,
 Try different ways to please me ;
 To judge aright, and chuse the best,
 Is not so soon decided,
 When both their merits are exprest,
 I may be less divided.

Palemon's flock unnumber'd stray,
 He's rich beyond all measure,
 Would I but smile, be kind, and gay,
 He'd give me all his treasure ;
 But then our years so disagree,
 So much as I remember,
 It is but May I'm sure with me,
 With him it is December.

Can I who scarcely am in bloom,
 Let frost and snow be suing,
 'Twould spoil each ripening year to come
 Bring every charm to ruin :
 For dress and show to touch my pride,
 My little heart is panting,
 But then there's something else besides,
 I soon should find was wanting.
 Then, Colin, thou my choice shalt gain,
 For thou wilt ne'er deceive me,
 And grey-hair'd wealth shall plead in vain,
 For thou hast none to give me.
 My fancy paints thee full of charms,
 Thy looks so young and tender,
 Love beats his new and fond alarms,
 To thee I now surrender.



MY cautious mother t'other day
 Cry'd, Polly, mind me; do;
 I saw young Damon come this way,
 And fear he came to you.
 You know he's gay, and thought a rake,
 So never welcome make him.
 Thus I get scolded for his sake-----
 I wish the deuce would take him.
 'Tis true I met him in the grove,
 He gently grasp'd my hand,
 Then sigh'd, and talk'd more things of love,
 Than I could understand :
 And who'd have thought that we were seen ?
 But of such tricks I'll break him;
 If he won't tell me what they mean,
 The deuce sure ought to take him.
 They say from wedlock springs delight,
 Then let him speak his mind;

I've

I've no objection to unite
 With one so fond and kind ;
 My mother, tho' too apt to pry,
 To disoblige I'm loth,
 Howe'er I'll wed, then all her cry
 Will be, Deuce take them both.

HOW little do the landsmen know
 Of what we sailors feel,
 When waves do mount, and winds do blow,
 But we have hearts of steel ;
 No danger can affright us,
 No enemy shall flout ;
 We'll make the monsieurs right us ;
 So tofs the can about.

Stick stout to orders, messmates,
 We'll plunder, burn, and sink ;
 Then, France, have at your first-rates,
 For Britons never shrink :
 We rummage all we fancy,
 We'll bring them in by scores ;
 And Moll, and Kate, and Nancy
 Shall roll in louis d'ors.

While here at Deal we're lying,
 With our noble commodore,
 We'll spend our wages freely, boys,
 And then to sea for more :
 In peace we'll drink and sing, boys,
 In war we'll never fly ;
 Here's a health to George our king, boys,
 And the royal family.

MY Jemmy is cross'd quite over the main,
 And I fear I never shall behold him again ;

Ye

Ye powers above, grant me but his charms,
And send me Jemmy safe into my arms.

Ye pretty little warblers that sing thro' the grove,
Convey me this letter to the hands of my love,
Which will ease my fond heart, with sorrow possess'd,
I am weary of roving and can take no rest.

It's down in yonder valley, I'll build him a cave,
The sweetest of jewels my Jemmy shall have,
With pinks and with violets I'll make him a bed,
And a garland of roses to crown Jemmy's head.

All this I'll go thro' for my sweet Jemmy's sake,
I'll be guardian unto him till he does awake,
When day-light appears, we will merrily sing,
Here's a health to young Jemmy, and long live the king.

THE silver morn that shines so bright,
It's not yet day I swear by nature;
And if my minute glass goes right,
We have time to take the other pitcher.

It's not yet day, it's not yet day,
Then why should we part o'er good liquor;
Until the sun beams round us play,
We'll merrily push about the pitcher.

They tell me if I'd work my days,
And sleep my nights, I might grow richer,
But what is all the world's delight,
Compar'd to friend, to mirth and pitcher.
It's not yet day, &c.

Dick, poor soul, has got a wife,
And he has nought to do but kiss her;
I envy not his happy life,
While I enjoy my friend and pitcher.
It's not yet day, &c.

I could labour in the field
All day a plowman or a ditcher,

If those toils to me would send
At night, a lass, a friend, and pitcher.
It's not yet day, &c.

John, they say, is an honest man,
And he was ne'er esteem'd a flincher,
Then all of us, who loves a can,
Let's merrily push about the pitcher.
It's not yet day, &c.

WHERE's my swain so blithe and clever?
Why d'ye leave me all in sorrow?

Three whole days are gone and over,
Since you said you'd come to-morrow;
If you lov'd but half as I do,

You'd been here with looks so bonny,
Love has flying wings I know,
But not for ling'ring lazy Johnny.

What can he be now a doing?

Is he with his lasses maying?

He had better here be wooing,

Than with others fondly playing;

Tell me truly where he's roving,

That I may no longer sorrow;

If he's weary grown of roving,

Let him tell me so to-morrow.

Does some favourite rival hide thee?

Let her be the happy creature;

I'll not plague myself to chide thee,

Nor dispute with her a feature:

For I will not, cannot tarry,

Nor will hurt myself with sorrow,

I may lose the time to marry,

If I wait beyond to-morrow.

Think not, shepherd, thus to 'braid me,

If I'm yours, away no longer;

If you won't, another'll have me,
 I may cool but not grow fonder.
 If your lovers, girls, forsake you,
 Be not in despair and sorrow,
 Blest another lad may make you,
 Stay for none beyond to-morrow.

SWEET Anna from the sea-beach came,
 Where Jockey swept the vessel's side,
 Ah! who can keep their heart at hame,
 While Jockey's toft upon the tide?
 What tho' my Jockey's far away,
 Tofs'd up and down the awfome main,
 I'll keep my heart another day,
 Since Jockey may again be mine.

A wealthy laird I met yestreen,
 With gold in hand he tempted me,
 He prais'd my brow and rowen e'en,
 And made a brag of what he'd gee.
 What tho' my Jockey's far away,
 Yet I'll be true as he has been;
 I'll keep my heart another day,
 Since Jockey may again be mine.

No more, false Jemmy, -sing no more,
 Your silly pipe then throw away,
 My Jockey would be troubled sore,
 To hear his Ann his love betray:
 Your pipe and all your verse is vain,
 While Jockey's notes do faithful flow,
 My heart for e'er will true remain,
 I'll keep it for my constant Jo.

My Jockey's kind, his love is just,
 His constancy is true and rare,
 Dear to his Anna and his trust,
 Few lovers can with him compare:

What

What tho' to distant realms he gangs,
 Yet I'll be true as he has been,
 And when the crowds about him throng,
 He'll think on his own faithful Ann.

AS near to Porto-Bello lying
 On the gently flowing flood,
 At midnight with streamers flying,
 Our triumphant navy rode.
 There where Vernon sat all glorious,
 From the Spaniards late defeat,
 And his crew with shouts victorious
 Drank success to England's fleet.
 On a sudden shrilly sounding,
 Hideous yells and shrieks were heard;
 Then each heart with fear confounding,
 A sad troop of ghosts appear'd.
 All in dreary hammocks shrouded,
 Which for winding sheets they wore,
 And wan looks with sorrow crowned
 Frowning on the hostile shore.
 On them glanc'd the moon's wan lustre,
 When the shade of Hosier brave
 And his bands were seen to muster,
 Rising on their watery grave.
 O'er the glimmering wave he hy'd him,
 Where the Burford stretch'd her sail,
 With three thousand ghosts beside him,
 And in groans did Vernon hail.
 Heed, oh heed, my fatal story!
 I am Hosier's injur'd ghost,
 You who now have purchas'd glory,
 At this place where I was loit.
 Tho' in Porto Bello's ruin
 You now triumph free from fears;

When you think of my undoing,
 You will mix your joy with tears.
 See these mournful spectres sweeping,
 Ghastly o'er this hated wave,
 Whose wan cheeks were stain'd with weeping,
 These were English captains brave.
 Mark these numbers pale and horrid,
 Who were once my sailors bold;
 Lo, each hangs his drooping forehead,
 While his dismal fate is told.
 I, by twenty sail attended,
 Did this Spanish town affright,
 Nothing then its wealth defended,
 But my orders, not to fight.
 O that in this rolling ocean
 I had cast them with disdain,
 And obey'd my heart's warm motion,
 To reduce the pride of Spain !
 For resistance I could fear none,
 But with twenty ships had done,
 But thou, brave and happy Vernon,
 Hast achiev'd with six alone.
 Then the Bastimentoes never
 Had our foul dishonour seen,
 Nor the sea the sad receiver
 Of the gallant train had been.
 Thus like thee proud Spain dismaying,
 And her galleons leading home ;
 Tho' condemn'd for disobeying,
 I had met a traitor's doom.
 To have fallen, my country crying,
 He hath play'd an English part,
 Had been better far than dying
 Of a griev'd and broken heart.
 Unrepining at thy glory,
 Thy successful arms we hail,
 But remember our sad story,
 And let Hosier's wrongs prevail.

After

After this proud foe subduing,
 When our patriot friends you see,
 Think on vengeance for my ruin,
 And for England sham'd in me.

A N S W E R.

HOSIER! with indignant sorrow,
 I have heard thy mournful tale,
 And if heav'n permit to-morrow,
 Hence our warlike fleet shall fail.
 O'er the hostile waves wide roaming,
 We will urge our bold design;
 With the blood of thousands foaming,
 For our country's wrongs and thine.
 On that day when each brave fellow,
 Who now triumphs here with me;
 Storm'd and plunder'd Porto Bello,
 All my thoughts were full of thee.
 Thy disastrous fate alarm'd me,
 Fierce thy image glar'd on high;
 And with generous ardour warm'd me,
 To revenge thy fall or die.
 From their lofty ships descending,
 Thro' the flood in firm array,
 To the destin'd city bending,
 My lov'd sailors work'd their way.
 Straight the foe with horror trembling,
 Quit in haste their batter'd walls;
 And in accents undissembling,
 As he flies for mercy calls.
 Carthagena, tow'ring wonder!
 At the daring deed dismay'd;
 Shall ere long by Britain's thunder
 Smoaking in the dust be laid.
 You and these pale spectres sweeping,
 Restless o'er this wat'ry round,

Whose wan cheeks are stain'd with weeping,
Pleas'd shall listen to the sound.

Still rememb'ring thy sad story,
To thy injur'd ghost I swear;
By my future hopes of glory,
War shall be my constant care.

And I ne'er will cease pursuing
Spain's proud sons from sea to sea,
With just vengeance for thy ruin,
And for England sham'd in thee.

Sung by Mr. Webster and Miss Walpole, in the
Camp.

MY Nancy quits the rural train,
A camp distress to prove,
All other ills she can sustain,
But living from her love:
But dearest tho' your soldier's there,
Will not your spirits fail,
To mark the hardship's you must share,
Dear Nancy of the Dale.
Or should your love each danger scorn,
Ah! how shall I secure
Your health 'midst toils which you were born
To sooth, but not endure,
A thousand perils I must view,
A thousand ills assail,
Nor must I tremble e'en for you,
Dear Nancy of the Dale.

N A N C Y.

The fife and drum sound merrily, ah!
A soldier, a soldier's the lad for me,
With my true love I soon will be,
For who's so kind, so true as he?

With him in ev'ry toil I'll share,
 To please him shall be all my care;
 Each peril I'll dare, all hardships I'll bear,
 For a soldier, a soldier's the lad for me.

Then if kind heaven preserve my love,
 What rapturous joy shall his Nancy prove;
 Swift thro' the camp shall my footsteps bound,
 To meet my William with conquest crown'd;
 Close to my faithful bosom prest,
 Soon shall he hush his cares to rest,
 Clasp'd in those arms, forget wars alarms,
 For a soldier, a soldier's the lad for me.

GO, rose, my Chloe's bosom grace;
 How happy should I prove,
 Might I supply that envy'd place
 With never-fading love!
 There, phoenix like, beneath her eye,
 Involv'd in fragrance, burn and die;
 Involv'd in, &c.

Know, hapless flow'r, that thou shalt find
 More fragrant roses there;
 I see thy with'ring head reclin'd
 With envy and despair;
 One common fate we both must prove;
 You die with envy, I with love;
 You die, &c.

WHEN Bibbo thought fit from the world to retreat,
 As full of champaign as an egg's full of meat,
 He wak'd in the boat, and to Charon he said,
 He would be row'd back, for he was not yet dead.
 "Trim the boat, and sit quiet!" stern Charon reply'd,
 "You may have forgot---you was drunk when you
 "dy'd."

CUPID

CUPID, god of soft persuasion,
 Take the helpless lover's part:
 Seize, oh! seize, some kind occasion
 To reward a faithful heart.

Justly those we tyrants call,
 Who the body would enthrall;
 Tyrants of more cruel kind,
 Those who would enslave the mind.
 Cupid, god of, &c.

What is grandeur? Foe to rest;
 Childish mummary at best;
 Happy I, in humble state:
 Catch, ye fools, the glitt'ring bait.
 Cupid, god of, &c.

IF you at an office solicit your due,
 And would not have matters neglected,
 You must quicken the clerk with the perquisite too,
 To do what his duty directed.

Or would you the frowns of a lady prevent,
 She, too, has this palpable failing;
 The perquisite softens her into consent,
 That reason with all is prevailing.

IN love should there meet a fond pair,
 Untutor'd by fashion or art,
 Whose wishes are warm and sincere,
 Whose words are th' excess of the heart.

If aught of substantial delight
 On this side the stars can be found;
 'Tis, sure, when that couple unite,
 And Cupid by Hymen is crown'd.

SAY

SAY, little foolish flutt'ring thing,
Whither, ah! whither would you wing
Your airy flight?
Stay here and sing,
Your mistress to delight.

No, no, no,
Sweet Robin, you shall not go!
Where, you wanton, could you be
Half so happy as with me?

COME here, fellow servants, and listen to me,
I'll shew you how those of superior degree
Are only dependents, no better than we,
Are only, &c.

Both high and low to this do agree,
'Tis here, fellow servant, and there, fellow servant,
and all in a livery.
'Tis here, &c.

See yonder fine spark in embroidery dress,
Who bows to the great, and if they smile, is blest;
What is he, i'faith, but a servant at best?
Both high, &c.

Nature made all alike, no distinction she craves,
So we laugh at the great world, it's fools and it's
knaves;
For we are all servants, but they are all slaves.
Both high, &c.

The fat shining glutton looks up to his shelf,
The wringled lean miser bows down to his pelf,
And the curl-pated beau is a slave to himself.
Both high, &c.

The gay sparkling belle, who the whole town
alarms,
And with eyes, lips, and neck, sets the smarts all in
arms,
Is a vassal herself, a mere drudge to her charms.
Both, &c. Then

Then we'll drink like our betters, and laugh, sing,
 love,
 And when sick of one place, to another we'll move;
 For with little and great, the best joy is to rove.
 Both high, &c.

HOW stands the glass around?
 For shame, ye take no care, my boys;
 How stands the glass around?
 Let mirth and wine abound,
 The trumpets sound,
 The colours they are flying, boys,
 To fight, kill, or wound;
 May we still be found,
 Content with our hard fate, my boys,
 On the cold ground.
 Why, soldiers, why,
 Shou'd we be melancholy, boys?
 Why, soldiers, why,
 Whose bus'ness 'tis to die?
 What, fighting, fie!
 Drown fear, drink on, be jolly, boys,
 'Tis he, you, or I!
 Cold, hot, wet, or dry,
 We're always bound to follow, boys,
 And scorn to fly.
 'Tis but in vain,
 I mean not to upbraid ye, boys;
 'Tis but in vain
 For soldiers to complain;
 Should next campaign
 Send us to him that made us, boys,
 We're free from pain!
 But if we remain,
 A bottle and kind landlady
 Cure all again.

YES,

YES, I'm in love, I feel it now,
 And Celia has undone me ;
 And yet, I'll swear, I can't tell how
 The pleasing plague stole on me.

'Tis not her face that love creates,
 For there no graces revel ;
 'Tis not her shape, for there the Fates
 Have rather been uncivil.

'Tis not her air, for sure in that
 There's nothing more than common ;
 And all her sense is only chat,
 Like any other woman.
 Her voice, her touch, might give th' alarm,
 'Twas both, perhaps, or neither ;
 In short, 'twas that provoking charm
 Of Celia altogether.

A MAN that's neither high nor low
 In party nor in stature ;

No noisy rake, nor fickle beau,
 That's us'd to cringe and flatter.

And let him be no learned fool
 That nods o'er musty books ;
 That eats and drinks, and lives by rule,
 And weighs my words and looks.

Let him be easy, frank, and gay,
 Of dancing never tir'd ;
 Always have something smart to say,
 But silent, if requir'd.

OF all the brave captains that ever were seen,
 Appointed to fight by a king or a queen ;
 By a queen or a king appointed to fight,
 Sure never a captain was like this brave knight,

G

He

He pull'd off his slippers and wrapper of silk,
 And foaming as furious as whisk-pared milk ;
 Says he to my lady, My lady, I'll go,
 My company calls me, you must not say no.

With eyes all in tears, says my lady---says she---
 O cruel Sir Dilberry, do not kill me !
 For I never will leave thee, but cling round thy
 middle,

And die in the arms of Sir Dilberry Diddle.

Says Diddle again to his lady, My dear,
 (And with a white handkerchief wip'd off a tear)
 The hottest of actions will only be farce,
 For sure thou art Venus!---says she, Thou art Mars !

Awhile they stood simpering, like master and miss,
 And Cupid thought he would have given one kiss ;
 'Twas what she expected, admits no dispute,
 But he touch'd his own finger, and blew a salute.

By a place I can't mention, not knowing its name,
 At the head of his company Dilberry came ;
 And the drums to the window call every eye,
 To see the defence of the nation pass by.

Old bible-fac'd women, thro' spectacles dim,
 With hemming and coughing, cry'd, Lord ! it is him !
 While boys and the girls, who more clearly could see,
 Cry'd, Yonder's Sir Dilberry Diddle---that's he !

Of all the fair ladies that came to the show,
 Sir Diddle's fair lady stood first in the row ;
 O charming, says she, how he looks all in red !
 How he turns out his toes ! how he holds up his head !

Do but see his cockade, and behold his dear gun,
 Which shines like a looking-glass held in the sun ;
 O ! see thyself now, thou'rt so martially smart,
 And look as you look'd when you conquer'd my heart !

'The sweet sounding notes of Sir Dilberry Diddle
 More ravish'd his ears than the sound of the fiddle ;
 And as it grew faint, that he heard it no more,
 He soften'd the word of command to---*Encore !*

The battle now over, without any blows,
 The heroes unarm, and strip off their clothes ;

The captain, refresh'd with a sip of rose-water,
Hands his dear to the coach, bows, and then steps
in after.

John's orders were special to drive very slow,
For fevers oft follow fatigue, we all know ;
But prudently cautious, in Venus's lap,
His head under apron, brave Mars took a nap.

He dream'd, fame reports, that he cut all the throats
Of the French, as they landed in flat-bottom'd boats ;
In his sleep if such dreadful destruction he makes,
What havock, ye gods ! shall we have when he wakes !

WHEN late I wander'd o'er the plain,
From nymph to nymph I strove in vain
My wild desires to rally ;
But now they're of themselves come home,
And, strange ! no longer seek to roam,
They centre all in Sally.

Yet she, unkind one ! damps my joy,
And cries, I court but to destroy ;

Can love with ruin tally ?
By these dear lips, those eyes, I swear,
I would all deaths, all torments bear,
Rather than injure Sally.

Come, then, O come ! thou sweeter far
Than jessamine and roses are,
Or lilies of the valley !

O follow, love, and quit your fear,
He'll guide you to these arms, my dear,
And make me blest in Sally !

COME, live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That valleys, groves, or hill or field,
Or wood, or steepy mountain yield.

There will we sit upon the rocks,
 And see the shepherds feed their flocks
 By shallow rivers, to whose falls
 Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses,
 With a thousand fragrant posies;
 A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
 Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle:

A gown made of the finest wool,
 Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
 Slippers lin'd choicely for the cold,
 With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw, and ivy buds,
 With coral clasps, and amber studs;
 And if these pleasures may thee move,
 Come, live with me, and be my love.

The silver dishes for thy meat,
 As precious as the gods do eat,
 Shall on an ivory table be
 Prepar'd each morn for thee and me.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
 For thy delight each May morning;
 If these delights thy mind may move,
 Then live with me, and be my love.

FROM Dunkirk, in France, in the month of
 September,

Fitted out was a fleet, and away they did sail;
 And Monsieur Thurot, their only commander,
 With him at their head they were sure not to fail.
 So away they did steer without dread or fear,
 And searched and plundered all ships they could
 find;

At length they arriv'd on the coast of old Ireland,
 And landed their men on our Irish ground.

At Carrickfergus, in the north of this kingdom,
 They landed their men and march'd up to our walls;
 Then cry'd the undaunted, brave colonel Jennings,
 My boys, let's salute them with powder and balls.

The battle began, and the guns they did rattle,
 And bravely we fought under Jennings' command;
 Said he, Play away, play away, my brave boys,
 The bougres the force of our fire cannot stand.

The town then they took without any resistance,
 The castle they thought was as easy likewise;
 So they came marching up in grand divisions
 To storm it, then guarded by the brave Irish boys.
 But we kept constant fire, and made them retire,
 'Till our ammunition entirely was gone;
 Then aloud we did say, brave boys, let's away,
 And sally out on them with sword in hand.

But says our brave colonel, We cannot defend it,
 For to make a sally it is but in vain,
 As our ammunition, you see, is expended;
 We'll therefore submit, and good terms we'll
 obtain,

For plainly you see that to one they are three,
 'Tis best then in time for to capitulate;
 If they take it by storm, by the law of arms
 Then death without mercy will sure be our fate.

Then these bougres obtained possession of Carrick,
 Where they revell'd, and sotted, and drunk all the
 while,

Poor people they did sorely ransack and plunder,
 And hoisted it all on board the Belleisle;
 But Elliot soon met them, nor away did he let them,
 But forc'd them to yield up their ill-gotten store;
 Now, monsieurs, lament in the deepest contrition,
 For now you can brag of your Thurot no more.

Let's exalt the brave Elliot, who gained this action,
 And sing to his praise in the joyfullest song;
 For we of our foes have got satisfaction,
 And Thurot lies rotting in the Isle of Man.
 Their general is wounded, his schemes are confounded,
 The brave British tars they can never withstand;
 The fire of the fierce and the bold British lions
 Appear'd in the men under brave Captain Bland.

But

But now to bring my song to a conclusion,
 Let's drink a good health to our officers all;
 First brave Colonel Jennings, likewise Bland our
 Captain,
 Yet never forgetting the brave Mr. Hall.
 Let's drink and be jolly, and drown melancholy,
 So merrily let us rejoice too, and sing;
 So fill up your bowls, all ye loyal souls,
 And toast a good health to great George our king.

THO' prudence may press me,
 And duty distress me,
 Against inclination, ah! what can they do?
 No longer a rover,
 His follies are over,
 My heart, my fond heart says, My Henry is true.
 The bee thus as changing,
 From sweet to sweet ranging,
 A rose should he light on ne'er wishes to stray;
 With raptures possessing
 In one ev'ry blessing,
 'Till torn from her bosom he flies far away.

ASK if yon damask rose is sweet
 That scents the ambient air;
 Then ask each shepherd that you meet,
 If dear Sufanna's fair.
 Say, will the vulture quit his prey,
 And warble thro' the grove?
 Bid wanton linnets quit the spray,
 Then doubt thy shepherd's love.
 The spoils of war let heroes share,
 Let pride in splendour shine;
 Ye bards, unenvy'd laurels wear,
 Be fair Sufanna mine.

NOT on beauty's transient pleasure,
 Which no real joys impart;
 Nor on heaps of sordid treasure,
 Did I fix my youthful heart.
 Not on beauty's, &c.

'Twas not Chloe's perfect feature
 Did the fickle wand'rer bind;
 Not her form, the boast of nature,
 'Twas alone her spotless mind.
 Not on beauty's, &c.

Take, ye swains, the real blessing,
 That will joys for life insure;
 The virtuous mind alone possessing,
 Will your lasting bliss secure.
 Not on beauty's, &c.

WHILE happy in my native land,
 I boast my country's charter;
 I'll never basely lend my hand,
 Her liberties to barter.

The noble mind is not at all
 By poverty degraded;
 'Tis guilt alone can make us fall,
 And well I am persuaded,
 Each free-born Briton's song should be,
 Or give me death or liberty.

Tho' small the pow'r which fortune grants,
 And few the gifts she sends us;
 The lordly hireling often wants
 That freedom that defends us.

By law secured from lawless strife,
 Our house is our castellum.
 Thus blest'd with all that's dear in life,
 For lucre shall we sell 'em?
 No---ev'ry Briton's song should be,
 Or give me death or liberty.

HAD I a heart for falshood fram'd,
 I ne'er could injure you ;
 For tho' your tongue no promise claim'd,
 Your charms would make me true.

To you no soul shall bear deceit,
 No stranger offer wrong :
 But friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
 And lovers in the young.

But when they learn that you have blest
 Another with your heart,
 They'll bid aspiring passion rest,
 And act a brother's part.

Then, lady, dread not here deceit,
 Nor fear to suffer wrong ;
 For friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
 And brothers in the young.

THE wanton god, who pierces hearts,
 Dips in gall his pointed darts ;
 But the nymph disdains to pine,
 Who bathes the wound with rosy wine.

Farewell, lovers, when they're cloy'd,
 If I'm scorn'd because enjoy'd,
 Sure the squeamish fops are free
 To rid me of dull company.

They have charms, whilst mine can please ;
 I love them much, but more my ease :
 No jealous fears my love molest,
 Nor faithful vows shall break my rest.

Why should they e'er give me pain,
 Who to give me joy disdain ?
 All I hope of mortal man
 Is to love me while he can.

TOASTS,

TOASTS, SENTIMENTS, HOB-NOBBS, &c.

CONSTANCY in love, and sincerity in friendship.

May the single be marry'd, and the marry'd be happy.
May our joys with the fair, give pleasure to the heart.
May our happiness be sincere, and our joys be lasting.

May our pleasures be boundless, while we have time to enjoy them.

Days of ease, and nights of pleasure.

Honour and influence to the public-spirited patrons of trade.

May power ever continue in the friends of England.

The love of liberty, and liberty in love.

Life, love, and liberty.

Great men honest, and honest men great.

Every honest man his right, and every rogue a halter.

Health of body, peace of mind, a clean shirt, and a guinea.

All our wants and wishes.

Success to the lover, honour to the brave,

Health to the sick, and freedom to the slave.

Perpetual disappointment to the enemies of England.

May he who has neither wife, mistress, or estate in England, never have any share in the government of it.

Disappointment to those who barter the cause of their country for ostentation or sordid gain.

May we always be attached to those who persevere in generous endeavours to promote the welfare of their country.

The steady friends of Britain.

H

Disap-

Disappointment to those who form expectations of
 places and pensions on the ruin of their country.
 A speedy export to all the enemies of England with-
 out a drawback.
 May our endeavours be always successful, when en-
 gaged under the banner of justice.
 May we always be able to resist the assaults of prof-
 perity and adversity.
 May temptation never conquer virtue.
 Frugality without meanness.
 May we never taste the apples of affliction.
 May we be rich in friends rather than money.
 May we be loved by those whom we love.
 May we be slaves to nothing but our duty, and
 friends to nothing but merit.
 May ability for doing good be equalled by inclination.
 May fortune be always an attendant on virtue.
 Pleasures that please on reflection.
 More friends and less need of them.
 May we always have a friend, and know his value.
 The agreeable rubs of life.
 May we never want a friend, nor a bottle to give
 him.
 A head to earn, and a heart to spend.
 Delicate pleasures to susceptible minds.
 The harvest of life, love, wit, and good humour.
 The friend we love, and the woman we dare trust.
 Provision to the unprovided.
 May we have in our arms those we love in our hearts.
 The pleasure of pleasing.
 May we please and be pleased.
 All true hearts and sound bottoms.
 Your love for mine, and our's for that of the com-
 pany.
 Gaiety and innocence.
 Success to our hopes, and enjoyment to our wishes.
 Taste to our pleasure, and pleasure to our taste.
 Health, joy, and mutual love.

Love without fear,
And life without care.

Friendship without interest, and love without deceit.
All that gives you pleasure.

Health, love, and ready-rino,
To all that you and I know.

May the honest man never want a friend in the hour
of distress.

May our representatives strenuously defend what they
have wisely resolved.

Union, stability, and fidelity among the sons of liberty.
Health to all honest men, a trip-up to all scoundrels,
and may the devil ride rough-shod over the rascally
part of the creation.

May all honest souls find a friend in need,
Good-luck till we are tired of it.

May the wings of extravagancy be clipt by the shears
of oeconomy.

Confusion to those, who, wearing the mask of pa-
triotism, pull it off, and desert the cause of liberty
in the day of trial.

May genius and merit never want a friend.
Sense to win a heart, and merit to keep it.

That prudence, moderation, and an invariable at-
tention to the public good, may cement the people
of England.

May the friends of England ever have access to the
throne,

That free men may never more be considered as pro-
perty to be led to market.

The friends of Ireland in the British parliament.

The members of both houses of parliament in the
river Thames, and to every honest member a cork
jacket.

May our representatives, like free-masons, be elected
by ballot.

The losing gamesters.

All that love can give or sensibility enjoy.

May

May we never speak to deceive, nor listen to betray
 May nothing ever ail us or fail us.
 May the honest heart never know distress.
 The ladies---standing.
 May we never know sorrow but by the name.
 Peace and plenty.
 May he that turns his back on his friend fall into
 the hands of his enemy.
 A lack, and a lass a day.
 A high post to the enemies of Ireland.
 May all those who for sordid interest endeavour to
 betray their country meet with the fate of Judas.
 May the enemies of Britain never eat the bread
 thereof, or, if they do, be choaked with the first
 bit.
 May we never want spirit and resolution to defend
 our independency against the attacks of ambi-
 tion.
 The honest north-country smith, who refused to shoe
 for the man who voted against his country.
 May all attempts to pervert and destroy our precious
 constitution be frustrated and void.
 May we always detest the malice of those who at-
 tempt to disunite the interest of our king and
 country, which are ever inseparable.
 May we always be able to distinguish those, who by
 a steady and uniform adherence to their duty dis-
 tinguish themselves.
 May our conscience be sound, tho' our fortune be
 rotten.
 May our distinguished mark be merit, rather than
 money.
 May we never seek applause from party principles,
 but always deserve it from public spirit.
 Short shoes and long corns to all the enemies of
 Great Britain.

F I N I S.



